

D e c a y

What does happen to the body of an object in decay?

by Basilisk

Unlike the heroic views on decay, considering decomposition as a process of 'naturalization', 'utter disappearance and destruction', 'deliverance' or 'rebirth' whose ultimate aim is a kind of libidinal (and in the same track, economic) domestication and appropriation, decay is an artificializing process spreading its septic distributions of matter/energy under the milieus of Nature and undermining them. In no way does it wipe out or terminate, on the contrary it keeps alive: it is where the rotting process separates itself from the devastating warmachines of *termination, mayhem, terror, annihilation, tragedy and violence*, but never abandons them; it undermines them, mutates them, brings them to where there is no hot power (*Puissance*= p) in production or that is to say neither it introduces Power (*puissanceas* in *La Volonté de puissance*) into erasure and utter eradication (p ≠ 0; or the solidless *nihil*) nor refreshes it [1]. It colds them down by putrefying Power, namely, the fuel by which the lines of mayhem and termination are metabolized and try to infringe this metabolism (transgressing Power?). It does cold them down by making Power undefined, darkened and blotted out; by depositing p (*Macht*) over the nihilistic Zero (p/ 0): not wiping it out to disappearance or dissolving it to Zero, quite opposite keeping it for snuff and decomposition, taking a necrophilic [2] experience out of it; marring it on the virtual surfaces of zero to be rotten and reeked up: 'sucking death from the living without falling into the black transparency of total disappearance or Death' which means Mess. Decay introduces power to the mis-adventures of matter; ... and earth is the adventures of decay. All encounters with the cold-core(s) of Death or Life result in contamination, plague, base-necrophilia and snuff, possession and cold-burning experiences poisoning one for all eternity [3]; one is thrown beyond Death and Life as the equilibrial states, is introduced to an anonymity far from the economical processes of dying and living that

is to say a mess through which life and death proliferate and slime each other [4]. Everything succumbs to both yield and withstand before such an inter-dimensional catastrophe. There is no deliverance for one who runs into the cold-core(s) of life or death, whether by dying or living; one's matter becomes a lab plate on which base-necrophilia / participation and communication are germinated. This is the convoluted, compositional and terminal space of blindness dissipating its curtains across the coastlines which lead to the naked oceans of Death; there is no flight for one who is introduced to this labyrinth or blindness neither to the oceans of death nor to the terrains of live-ing (The only flight is a cataflight [5]) ... and there is no way to find out if one has slipped to the ocean or not. It is *where* the land and the ocean, space and matter and one along with all it carries skip the horizon (whether in life, death or existence) and jump to an anonymity that both death and life find repugnant but affirm through the strategic ways. Vaporized in the vaginal depths of anonymity, one, bits by bits, is laid bare to mess, proliferation, plague, septic peace, venereal alliance, facelessness, base-necrophilia, river blindness (the river which was supposed to dissolve into the ocean), possession, snuff, cosmic contamination and all fluent rots murmuring *taste your mortality* while erasing all routs to Death.

Speaking of blindness, one should not mistake it for the condition of cecity and sightlessness; it is the blindness of excess in sight and the colors achromatized in coldness, not to black and white but to the colors with proliferated coordinates, conditions and spectra ... cancerous, cold and feverish like tropical diseases: Green of jungle, light brown of your eyes ... Persian blue of a corpse ... darkness. [6]

Auto-collapse: Planting *puissance* on the cold zero is the mechanism of decay (*p/0*); it is also the collapse or unground from which Snuff, Necrophilia and Asiatic horror emerge without genesis. [7]

Then, how does the rotting process put the puissance over the Asiatic zero to mess it up? The answer lies on its delirium to spew dimensions and cancerous attitude toward *metron* [8], proliferating everything it touches, feeding on the terminal tactics of malignancy, softness, sleazy germinations, vermiculation and malicious mimics of 'living' and *survival economy* to necrotize the object while keeping it alive for proceeding its

cold-workings when the object has no idea of what is going on: the Absolute Peace of Decay. [9]

Decay crisscrosses death and germinates its own headless kingdoms, all 'anonymous, cold-core, desolated, toxic and peaceful.' Decay always casts shadows over everything it touches, a shadowgraphic machine.

The ironic and loathsome mechanism of decay is always at work to both keep alive and snuff. By proliferating and working on dimensions (it affirms dimensions.), decay estranges itself from both nature and 'the natural' since it diverges from the immense *formlessness* of nature that abhors the dimensions, standards, scales, *metrons* and measures from which systems, territories, and assemblages are put together, fabricated and posed; so it starts exactly from which nature abhors: dimension and *metron* as the matrixes and the frameworks of Power, as the linkages by which institutions, productions and the modes of power are interconnected and secured within each other, extending themselves across the space of 'Live-ing' or the *economical* and *parsimonious* 'art of surviving', survival economy. From the outset to the end, the rotting process deals with dimensions and *metrons*, fouling up (but not purge) everything dimensional to no end (what is the end in the sense of decay?). Not all this means that decay undertakes the 'Will of Nature' and its crazy capital by vitiating dimensions and metrons; but it unfolds through the artificiality of dimension (messing them) and *metron* and sinks into the anonymity of dimensionality wreckage or demonic solid (corpse of solidus [10]) ... if earth is the compositional adventures of decay, then what is natural in the sense of the Earth (the Artificial Earth)? The naturalistic or naturistic views always miss decay as the inexorable machinery of becoming imperceptible: exposed before the vitriolic mouth of 'Anonymity'.

Decay rots judgment as a primal strategy; ... rotting metrons, dimensions, scales, ...

It is a dreadfully paranoid / oedipalized cognitive blueprint (envisioned hygienically on an anthropomorphian construction; utopia?) to incorporate or consolidate Death and Decay, each as the perfectionist supplement of the other ... there is a fundamental horror gapping in cogito toward decay process that is disloyal even to the most abject landscapes of coldness and cruelty, scavenging death upon the blight, playing the role of a renegade to death; even Deleuze and Guattari with their staggering

insights into *schizotechnics*(Nick Land) fall into this fundamentally paranoid but grotesque and cryptic consolidation / domestication: "a powerful odor of decay and death" [Deleuze & Guattari, *Anti-Oedipus*] ... it is a medicinally sweet odor of a sterilized ground on which death and decay are, paranoiacally, Capitalized as One.

Plunged into the fungoid oceans of decay, dimensions and *metrons* are deteriorating under the cold-core machine of rot. 'Too dimensioning' is the strategy of this machine. Through the rotting process, everything is disintegrated; this is a way of 'too dimensioning' and proliferating metrons, as *disintegration* is a terminal tactic to breed more and more dimensions, spawning more and more measures, micro-scales, *metronic* cells, molecular patches of matter/energy entangled blindly, labyrinthine nexuses of dimensions, hyper-complex dimensionalities and wasteful dumps of metrons paralyzed to work in such a mess, such a vermiculate excretion. (To this extent, speaking of local decay is a premature discourse.) Decay appears as scarring and cancer, a metastatic tissue sliming the organs to the defunct coils of softness; or fibrosis in which an organ goes awry by excessive scarring (dimensions through dimensions ... through dimensions prodigally), losing its functions and rotting alive ... a scarring face fading out to black ... continuing the scene on the swelling up pixels. (Isn't blistering a visual spoof of decay, a hoax of initiation? But decay is already there.)

Decay is the imminent multiplicity and qualitative motions to all compositions (solids and void, etc.), an ungrounding process (strategy) which lays openness to the compositions by the vermiculation (as of the motions of a coil of worms) of dimensions and composites through each other to the point of an irresistible softness. Decay makes the compositions affirm [11] each other not at the level of *being open* but rather being, lacerated and laid open [12] (being opened). Vermiculation, also, extends the movements as far as they can mutate, and engineer the new becomings, and more. Decay is the *life* of the architectures and compositions through and on an epidemic *affirmance* and not affordance [13] and survival economy.

However, the disintegration that rotting process introduces to an object is not a regular disintegration [14] as of separation into component parts, fragments, an atomization, a segmentation or an inverse-

segmentation; it is a non-fragmentary disintegration in which everything is kept intra-connected exorbitantly, so gooey and soft that rejecting the wasteful bonds with the others (openness) is inevitable and impossible (integration is impossible because of this super-soft composition and the wasteful bonds which infest the Whole and its economical bonds). A mucous continuity in disintegration. The Soft disintegration of decay softens and disintegrates by opening everything to each other, letting the 'hard' exists through the Soft. In decay, compositions are engineered through this soft disintegration and not integration. Should it be discussed that decay does not start from *softness* or the soft parts; it sucks softness from the hard or in another sense making the *hard* an infested factory for breeding a Softness which again is anonymous even to the formlessness of nature, an artificial and compositional softness engineer through the tactical multiplicities of affirmation and openness. Once again, this softness or soft disintegration is not the disintegration by breaking up the solid into controlled parts (analyzed partiality) or new solids, re-modifying the bonds of solidity but an epidemic lysis by opening everything to each other, proliferating the dimensions of solid, possessing solidity to spoil itself not to death but overhealth [15]. (*Corpses look too artificial. Of course, they are; ... the earth too.*) The soft disintegration does not deliver the object and its architecture to their basic elements or nature (the horizon of purity, 'from ash to ash' or 'dust to dust' [*pulvis ad pulverem*] exploited by all monotheistic cultures and the State), a process through which deliverance or salvation are expected; it simply deviates them to something basically deranged, a mess beyond re-modifying bonds of solidity but capable of mutating to anything, even solid ... a mess external to the recycling and economical functioning formulae but dangerous as it can mutate and spawn mess; infesting the horizon of solidity (In decay, there is no return to nature, constituents, the basic elements, or anything else; it is all affirmation of anonymity.). Not only solidity is introduced to decay but also liquid and GAS; but the latter uses the ultimate decay as a life through which everything is reeked up: GAS ... plastic spirit. Artificiality of Chemistry (alchemy) begins with decay.

Stripped before the mess agents of decay, one can always ask, "Isn't thought a gaseous rot?" ... the question reverberates cancerously through the fetid air.

The resistance toward 'decay' is both futile and fertile. But then, what is fertility in the sense of the resistance toward decay? There is a yawning horror in this question.

Notes:

[1] For more details on the non-purgative subsidence of power and solidity, see:

[Acephalous Mouth and Cata-](#)

[2] On necrophilia, see: [PestisSolidus](#)

[3] For more the lineaments of such encounters (base-communication), see: [Chernukha: on Russian necrorealist cinema](#)

[4] see [Pestis Solidus and Chernukha: on Russian necrorealist cinema](#)

[5] On cataflight, see: [Cata-](#)

[6] On Blindness, see: [Cata- and Druj \(Mother of Abominations\)](#)

[7] On the thing without genesis, see: [Cata-](#)

[8] On metron, see: [Pestis Solidus](#), especially endnote 3:

Metron (Greek origin), hidden in the English words such as Dimension (from *dimetiri: measure out*), meter, etc. With a prominent reference to the famous doctrine of Pythagoras, "Man is the metron of everything" (*pantōn chrematōn metron anthrōpos*), metron can be translated as Scale, Measure, Standard, and Value. According to Sextus Empiricus metron expresses *criterium* (scale, measure) but as seen by Heraclitus and Sophocles, it certifies *dominance*, a domination over something. Therefore, metron indicates that both measures and dimensions (whether as in critique of power or *grund*) inter-connect with Power, Justifying, Reasoning and the Philosophy or the Sciences of *grund*. The critique of metron diagrams how dimensions (namely metron) bring the Power into effect, then, mobilizing and propagating it through the autonomous fields of metronic fluxes or pseudo-flux (see Pestis Solidus; it also shows how metron has been established as the ultimate fluxional machinery (dynamism) of power, solidity and their productions in all planes, as a (re-)animator. Additionally and more significantly, it discusses metron (both in its flexible and rigid attitudes) as an invisible (and extremely complex) work-ground on which Solidity and Power overlap each other and dissolve into the hydraulic grid of circulatory metrons or genesis (Genesis project) or 'Survival Economy' through which all dynamisms are the complex conveyances or transports (means of resettlement, mobility, transferral and dynamic fertilization) of solidus or *grund* i.e. the lines of ground or solidus amplification which process and necessitate solidity as the

surplus value of *solidus in circulation* (Solidity is not rigidity, it is the surplus value of pseudo-fluxes, or ground mobilized through metrons.), as the only *origination* through Genesis Project. Through survival economy, everything dynamic or flowing is sought to be signified by metron. 'Solidus-in-circulation' is the economic network of *grund* armed with the lines of pseudo-flux, metronic dynamisms and slope processes. The dynamism of metrons installs the *grund* as the signified *fluvius* or the fluvial process. For additional references on metron, see: *Measures and Men*, Witold Kula, Princeton University Press, 1986

[9] See Remarks on Asiatic Peace

[10] On corpse-of-solidus, see: Acephalous Mouth and Cata-

[11] On affirmation, Nietzsche and openness, see: A Good Meal and Cata-

[12] On epidemic openness, see: A Good Meal

[13] On affordance, see: Cata-, especially endnote 3

[14] In this sense, disintegration is nothing but another consolidation.

[15] On overhealth, see: Acephalous Mouth